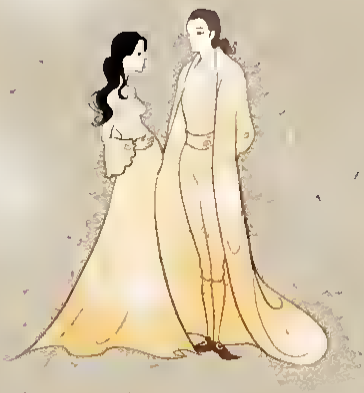
LONG LONG AGO, THERE LIVED
A FAMOUS ALCHEMIST.

HE WAS HAPPILY LIVING WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE WHO WAS PREGNANT WITH HIS CHILD.



ONE DAY, AS HIS WIFE WAS GIVING BIRTH TO THEIR CHILD, SHE PASSED AWAY

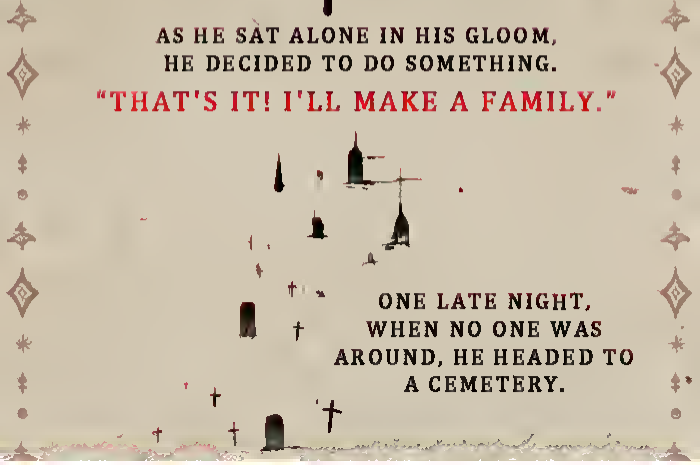
AND EVEN THEIR CHILD DIED.

OVERWHELMED BY SADNESS, THE ALCHEMIST HID HIMSELF DEEP WITHIN HIS CASTLE

AND SPENT HIS DAYS IN TEARS.

AS HE SAT ALONE IN HIS GLOOM, HE DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING.

"THAT'S IT! I'LL MAKE A FAMILY."



ONE LATE NIGHT, WHEN NO ONE WAS AROUND, HE HEADED TO A CEMETERY.

HE TOOK SEVERAL CORPSES FROM
FRESH GRAVES

AND BEGAN TRYING TO ASSEMBLE PIECES FROM
THE BODIES TO CREATE A MAN.

BUT EACH OF HIS ATTEMPTS FAILED.

HE WAS ABLE TO CREATE A MAN,
BUT THE "CREATED MAN" DIDN'T
HAVE A "HEART."

"YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PUPPET"

HE WAS DISCOURAGED,
BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE UP.

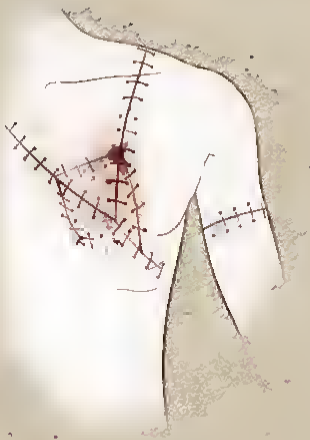
IN ORDER TO CREATE
HIS OWN FAMILY,

IN ORDER TO GIVE
THE "CREATED MAN"
A HEART,

HE OPENED HIS CHEST

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

EACH TIME, THE NUMBER OF SCARS
ON HIS BODY INCREASED.



HE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF
TIME WITH HIS FAILED CREATION

AND EVENTUALLY BECAME AN OLD MAN.

AFTER FINISHING HIS 1000TH
ATTEMPT, HE THOUGHT:

"AH, IT'S NOT EASY TO GIVE A PERSON A HEART.."

HE DECIDED TO MAKE HIS 1001ST ATTEMPT HIS LAST

HE LOOKED AT HIS CREATION ON THE OPERATING TABLE

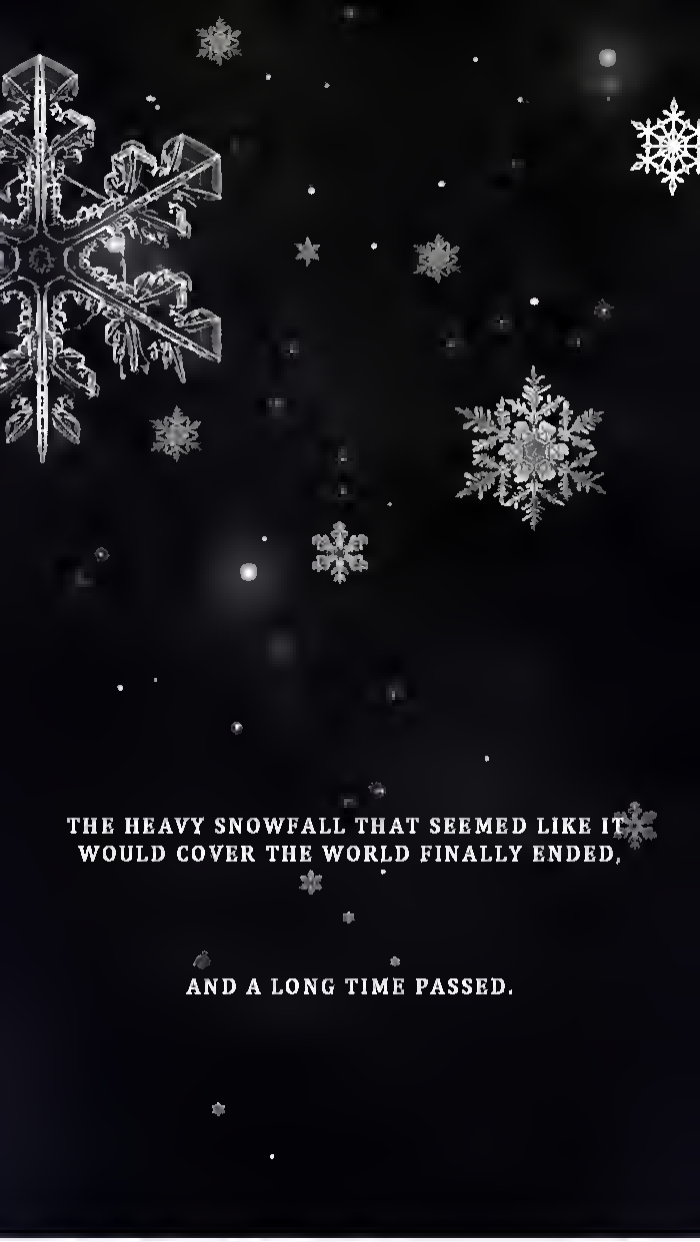
"IF ONLY YOU HAD A HEART...
I WOULD GLADLY ACCEPT YOU AS MY SON..

I WANTED TO CREATE A FAMILY TO SHARE
MY JOYS AND SORROWS WITH,

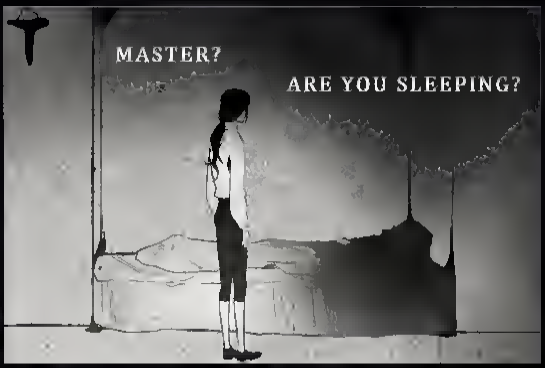
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE A HEART."

THE "CREATED MAN" ON THE TABLE
SIMPLY GAZED UP AT HIM WITH
ITS COLD, EMOTIONLESS EYES.

AND SO THE 1001ST EXPERIMENT BEGAN.


THE HEAVY SNOWFALL THAT SEEMED LIKE IT WOULD COVER THE WORLD FINALLY ENDED.
AND A LONG TIME PASSED.

THE "CREATED MAN" WENT OVER TO THE ALCHEMIST, WHO WAS FAST ASLEEP.



HE CALLED HIM SEVERAL TIMES, BUT
THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T WAKE UP.

THE SIGHT OF THE OLD MAN LAYING THERE...

THE COLD FEELING OF HIS SKIN..

FELT VERY STRANGE TO THE "CREATED MAN".

SINCE HE DIDN'T YET KNOW WHAT DEATH WAS..

HE THOUGHT THAT HIS MASTER WAS
JUST IN A VERY DEEP SLEEP.

AS HE LOOKEO AT HIS MASTER FOR A LONG WHILE, TEARS BEGAN TO FALL FROM HIS EYES.

HE OION'T UNOERSTANO WHY, BUT FELT TEARS WERE ROLLING DOWN HIS CHEEKS.

HE SOFTLY WHISPEREO TO HIM:

"WAKE UP-"
"WAKE UP-"

"WAKE UP, FATHER"

THE ALCHEMIST'S 1001ST EXPERIMENT

WAS A SUCCESS.

MAY 4TH 1945,
NEUSCHWANSTEIN CASTLE

CLANG

ERR (EINSATZSTAB REICHSLEITER ROSENBERG) RECORD: A DOCUMENT LISTING ARTWORK STOLEN BY NAZI TASKFORCES. ON THAT DAY IN THE NEUSCHWANSTEIN CASTLE, THEY FOUND A DOCUMENT CONTAINING AN ERR RECORD.

STEP
STEP
STEP...
AMAZING.
COUGH
COUGH

SSSS
SSSS...

HUH?
LOOK!!

JIIING—
IS HE ALIVE?
TURN
I-I DON'T KNOW.
LET'S GET CLOSER—

SWISH
FFFF

FLUTTER
CRASH
W-WHAT WAS THAT!!
THUD
WAS THAT A BIRD?

WHIIING
I THINK SO.
WAIT

WHIIING—
T-THAT GUY'S GONE!
HUH? WHERE'D HE GO?
WHIIING

WHERE-

ННННН!

Winter Woods

STORY BY COSMOS

ART BY VAN JI

ASSISTANT HYENSEO LEE